

1630-83
THE
T A B L E
O F
C E B E S,

k
OR, THE
Picture of Human Life.

I N
ENGLISH VERSE.

With NOTES.

By THOMAS SCOTT.

Et Vitæ monstrata via est.

(HOR.)



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T H E

TABLE of *CEBES*.

WHILE *Saturn's* ^a Fane with solemn Step we trod,
 And view'd the ^b votive Honours of the God,
 A pictur'd Tablet, o'er the Portal rais'd,
 Attach'd our Eye : in Wonder lost, we gaz'd.
 5 The Pencil there some strange Device had wrought,
 And Fables, all its own, disguis'd the Thought.
 Nor Camp it seem'd, nor City : the Design,
 Whose Moral mock'd our Labour to divine,
 Was a wall'd Court, where rose another Bound,
 10 And, higher still, a third still less'ning Ground.
 The Nether Area open'd, at a Gate
 Where a vast Crowd impatient seem'd to wait.
 Within, a Group of female Figures stood,
 In motley Dress, a sparkling Multitude.
 15 Without, in Station at the Porch, was seen
 A venerable Form, in Act and Mien
 Like some great Teacher who with urgent Tongue,
 Authoritative, warn'd the rushing Throng.
 From doubt to doubt we wander'd ; when appear'd
 20 A Sire, who thus the hard Solution clear'd.

^a This Temple was probably in the City of *Thebes*, for *Cebes* was a *Theban*.

^b Devout Offerings, for the most part in Discharge of Vows.

- Strangers, that Allegoric Scene, I guess,
 Conquers your Skill, our Home-born Wits no less,
 A Foreigner, long since, whose noble Mind
 Learning's best Culture to strong Genius join'd,
 25 Here liv'd, convers'd, and shew'd th' admiring Age
 Another *Samian* or *Elean* Sage.
 He rear'd this Dome to *Saturn's* awful Name;
 And gave that Portrait to eternal Fame.
 He reason'd much, high Argument he chose,
 30 High as his Theme his great Conceptions rose.
 Such Wisdom flowing from a Mouth but young
 I heard astonish'd, and enjoy'd it long :
 Him oft I heard this moral Piece expound,
 With nervous Eloquence and Sense profound.
 35 *Father, if Leisure with thy Will conspire,*
Yield, yield that Comment to our warm Desire.
 Free to bestow, I warn you first, beware :
 Danger impends, which summons all your Care:
 Wise, virtuous, blest, whose Heart our Precepts gain,
 40 ' Abandon'd, blind, and wretched, who disdain.
 For know, our purpos'd Theme resembles best
 The fam'd *Enigma* of the *Theban* Pest :
 Th' Interpreter a plighted Crown enjoy'd,
 The stupid perish'd, by the Sphinx destroy'd.
 45 Count Folly as a Sphinx to all Mankind,
 Her Problem, How is Good and Ill defin'd ?
 Misjudging here, by Folly's Law we die,
 Not instant Victims of her Cruelty ;

* The *Cassellian* and *Salmasian* Editions read *τρονπος* wicked, instead of *τροπος* bitter.
 JOHNSON.

- From Day to Day our reasoning Part the wounds,
 50 Devours its Strength, its noblest Pow'rs confounds :
 Awakes the Lash of ^d *Punishment*, and tears
 The Mind with Pangs which guilty Life prepares.
 With opposite Effect, where thoughtful Skill
 Discerns the Boundaries of Good and Ill,
 55 Folly must perish ; and th' illumin'd Breast
 To Virtue sav'd, is like th' Immortals blest.
 Give Audience, then, with no unheeding Ear.
O haste, no heedless Auditors stand here.
With strong Desire, in dread Suspense we wait,
 60 *So great the Blessing, and the Bane so great.*
 Instant, he rais'd his Oratorial Hand,
 And said (our Eye he guided with a Wand)
 Behold Life's pencil'd Scene, the Natal Gate,
 The Numbers thronging into mortal State.
 65 Which Danger's Path, and which to Safety bears,
 That Ancient, *Genius of Mankind*, declares.
 See him aloft, benevolent he bends,
 One Hand is pointing, one a Roll extends
 Reason's imperial Code ; by Heav'n imprest
 70 In living Letters on the Human Breast.
 Oppos'd to Him, *Delusion* plies her Part,
 With Skin of borrow'd Snow, and Blush of Art,
 With hypocritic Fawn, and Eyes askance
 Whence soft Infection steals in every Glance.
 75 Her faithless Hand presents a crystal Bowl,
 Whose pois'nous Draught intoxicates the Soul.

Error and Ignorance infus'd, compose
The fatal Beverage which her Fraud bestows.

Is that the hard Condition of our Birth?

80 *Must all drink Error who appear on Earth?*

All; yet in some their Measure drowns the Mind,
Others but taste, less erring and less blind.

The first
Court, or
the sen-
sual Life.

Th' *Opinions*, and *Desires*, and *Pleasures* rise
Behind the Gate, thick-glitt'ring on our Eyes:

85 Thick as bright Atoms in the solar Ray,
Diverse their Drap'ry and profusely gay.
These tempting Forms, each like a Mistress dress'd,
Our early Steps with powerful Charms arrest:

Soon as we enter Life, with various Art

90 Of Dalliance they assail th' unguarded Heart.

All promise Joy, we rush to their Embrace,
To Bliss or Ruin here begins our Race.

Happy, thrice happy, who intrust their Youth,
To *Right Opinions*, and ascend to *Truth*:

95 Whom *Wisdom* tutors, whom the *Virtues* hail,
And with their own substantial Feast regale.

The rest are Harlots; by their Flatt'ries won,
In chace of empty Sciences we run:

Or Fortune's Vanities pursue, and stray

100 With *sensual Pleasure* in more dang'rous Way.

See the mad Rounds their giddy Followers tread,
Delusion's Cup strong-working in their Head.

Fast as one Shoal of Fools have delug'd thro',
Succeeding Shoals the busy Farce renew.

105 *Who on that Globe stands stretching to her Flight?*
Wild seems her Aspect, and bereav'd of Sight.

Fortune,

- Fortune, blind, frantic, deaf. With restless Wings*
The World she ranges, and her Favours flings :
Flings and resumes, and plunders and bestows,
 110 *Caprice divides the Blessings and the Woes.*
Her Grace unstable as her tott'ring Ball,
Whene'er she smiles she meditates our Fall.
When most we trust her, we are cheated most,
In desolating Loss we mourn our Boast :
 115 *Her cruel Blast invades our hasty Fruit,*
And withers all our Glory at the Root.
What mean those Multitudes around her ? Why
Such motley Attitudes perplex our Eye ?
Some, in the Act of wildest Rapture, leap,
 120 *In Agony some wring their Hands, and weep.*
Th' unreas'ning Crowd ; to Passion's Sequel blind,
By Passion fir'd and impotent of Mind :
Competitors in clamorous Suit, to share
The Toys she tosses with regardless Air ;
 125 *Trifles, for solid Worth by most pursu'd,*
Bright-colour'd Vapours and fantastic Good :
The Pageantry of Wealth, the Blaze of Fame,
Titles, an Offspring to extend the Name,
Huge Strength, or Beauty which the Strong obey,
 130 *The Victor's Laurel, and despotic Sway.*
These, humour'd in their Vows, with lavish Praise
The Glory of the gracious Goddess raise :
Those other, Losers in her chance-full Game,
Shorn of their All, or frustrate in their Aim,
 135 *In Murmurs of their hard Mishap complain,*
And curse her partial and malignant Reign.

Now,

Now, further still in this low sensual Ground,
 Traverse yon flow'ry Mount's sequester'd Bound.
 In the green Centre of those Citron Shades,
 140 'Mong Gardens, Fountains, bow'ry Walks, and Glades,
Voluptuous Sin her pow'rful Spells employs,
 Souls to seduce, seducing she destroys.
 See! *Lewdness*, loosely zon'd, her Bosom bares,
 See! *Riot* her luxurious Bowl prepares :
 145 There stands *Avidity*, with ardent Eye,
 There dimpling *Adulation* smooths her Lye.
There station'd to what end?

In watch for Prey,
 Fortune's infatuate Favourites of a Day.
 These they caress, they flatter, they entreat
 150 To try the Pleasures of their 'soft Retreat,
 Life disencumber'd frolicksom, and free,
 All Ease, all Mirth, and high Felicity.
 Whome'er by their inveigling Arts they win
 To tread that magic Paradise of *Sin*,
 155 In airy Dance his jocund Hours skim round,
 Sparkles the Bowl, the festal Songs resound :
 His Blood ferments, fir'd by the wanton Glance,
 And his loose Soul dissolves in am'rous Trance.
 While circulating Joys to Joys succeed,
 160 While new Delights the sweet Delirium feed ;
 The Prodigal, in raptur'd Fancy, roves
 O'er fairy Fields and thro' Elysian Groves :
 Sees glitt'ring Visions in Succession rise,
 165 And laughs at *Socrates* the chaste and wise.
 'Till, sober'd by Distress, awake, confus'd,
 Amaz'd, he knows himself a Wretch abus'd ;

- A short Illusion his imagin'd Feast,
 Himself the Game, himself the slaughter'd Beast.
 Now, raving for his squander'd Wealth in vain,
 170 Slave to those tyrant Jilts he drags their Chain:
 Compell'd to suffer hard and hungry Need,
 Compell'd to dare each foul and desp'rate Deed.
 Villain, or Knave, he joins the sharpening Tribe,
 Robs Altars, or is perjur'd for a Bribe:
 175 Stabs for a Purse; his Country pawns for Gold,
 To every Crime of blackest Horror sold.
 Shiftless at length, of all Resource bereft,
 In the dire Gripe of *Punishment* he's left.
 Observe this strait-mouth'd Cave: th' unwilling Light
 180 Just shews the dismal deep Descent to Night.
 In Centry see these haggard Crones, whose Brows
 Rude Locks o'erhang, and Frown their Forehead plows:
 Swarthy and foul their shrivell'd Skin behold,
 And flutt'ring Shreds their vile Defence from Cold.
 185 High-brandishing her Lash, with stern Regard,
 Stands *Punishment*, an ever-waking Ward;
 While sullen *Melancholy* mopes behind,
 Fix'd, with her Head upon her Knees inclin'd:
 And, frantic with remorseful Fury, there
 190 Fierce *Anguish* stamps, and rends her shaggy Hair.
 Who that ill-featur'd Spectre of a Man,
 Shiv'ring in Nakedness, so spare and wan?
 And she, whose Eye agast with Horror flares,
 Whose meagre Form a Sister's Likeness bears?
 195 Loud Lamentation, wild Despair. All these,
 Fell Vulturs, the devoted Caniff seize.

B.

Ah

- Ah dreadful Durance I with these Fiends to dwell !
 What Tongue the Terrors of his Soul can tell ?
 Worry'd by these foul Fiends, the Wretch begins
 200 Sharp Penance, Wages of rememb'rd Sins :
 Then deeper sinks, plung'd in the Pit of *Woe*,
 Worse Sufferings in worse Hell to undergo :
 Unless, rare Guest, *Repentance* o'er the Gloom
 Diffuse her Radiance, and repeal his Doom.
 205 She comes ! meek-ey'd, array'd in grave Attire,
 See *Right Opinion*, join'd with *Good Desire*,
 Handmaids of *Truth* : with those, an adverse Pair
 (*False Wisdom's* Minions, that deceiving Fair)
 Attend her solemn Step : the Furies flee.
 210 Come forth, she calls, come forth to Liberty,
 Guilt-harass'd Thrall : thy future Lot decide,
 And, pond'ring well, elect thy future Guide,
 Momentous Option ! choosing right, he'll find
 A sovereign Med'cine for his ulcer'd Mind,
 215 Led to *True Wisdom*, whose cathartic Bowl
 Recovers and beatifies the Soul.
 Misguided else, a Counterfeit he'll gain,
 Whose Art is only to amuse the Brain :
 From Vice to studious Folly now he flies,
 220 From Bliss still erring, still betray'd by Lies :
 O Heavens ! where end the Risks we Mortals run ?
 And this how dreadful, yet how hard to shun !
 Say, Father, what distinctive Marks declare
 That Counterfeit of *Wisdom* ?
 View her there,
 225 At yonder Gate, with decent Port, she stands,
 Her spotless Form that second Court commands :

The
 second
 Court, or
 the Studi-
 ous Life.

Styl'd

Styl'd *Wisdom* by the Crowd, the thinking Few
 Know her Disguise, the Phantom of the True :
 Skill'd in all Learning, skill'd in every Art

230 To grace the Head, not meliorate the Heart,
 The Sav'd, who meditate their noble Flight
 From a bad World, to *Wisdom's* lofty Height,
 Just touching at this Inn, for short repast,
 Then speed their Journey forward to its last.

This the sole Path ?

235 Another Path there lies,
 The plain Man's Path, without proud Science wise.

Who they, which traverse this Deluder's Bound ?

A busy Scene, all Thought or Action round.

Her Lovers, whom her specious Beauty warms,
 240 Who grasp, in Vision, *Truth's* immortal Charms,
 Vain of the Glory of a false Embrace :
 Fierce syllogistic Tribes, a wrangling Race,
 Bards rapt beyond the Moon on Fancy's Wings,
 And mighty Masters of the vocal Strings :

245 Those who on labour'd Speeches waste their Oil,
 Those who in crabbed Calculations toil,
 Who measure Earth, who climb the starry Road,
 And human Fates by heav'nly Signs forebode,
 Pleasure's Philosophers, *Lyceum's* Pride

250 Disdainful soaring up to Heights untry'd,
 All who in learned Trifles spin their Wit,
 Or comment on the Works by Triflers writ.

Who are yon active Females, like in Face

To the lewd Harlots, in the nether Space,

Vile Agents of Voluptuous Sin ?

255

The same.

Admitted here?

Ev'n here, eternal Shame!

They boast some rarer less ignoble Spoils,

Art, Wit and Reason, tangled in their Toils.

And *Fancy*, with th' *Opinions* in her Rear,

260 Enjoys these studious Walks, no Stranger here:

Where wild Hypothesis, and learn'd Romance

Too oft lead up the Philosophic Dance.

Still these ingenious Heads alas! retain

Delusion's Dose, still the vile Dregs remain

265 Of Ignorance with madding Folly join'd,

And a foul Heart pollutes th' embellish'd Mind.

Nor will Presumption from their Souls recede,

Nor will they from one vicious Plague be freed,

Till, weary of these Vanities, they've found

270 Th' exalted Way to *Truth's* enlighten'd Ground,

Quaff'd her Cathartic, and all cleans'd within,

By that strong Energy, from Pride and Sin,

Are heal'd and sav'd. But loit'ring here they spend

Life's precious Hour in thinking to no End:

275 From Science up to Science let them rise,

And arrogate the swelling Style of Wise,

Their Wisdom's Folly, impotent and blind,

Which cures not one Distemper of the Mind.

*Enough. Discover now the faithful Road,*280 *Which mounts us to the Joys of Truth's Abode.*

Survey this solitary Waste, which rears

Nor Bush nor Herb, nor Cottage there appears.

A

- At distance see yon strait and lonely Gate
 (No Crowds at the forbidding Entrance wait)
 285 Its Avenue a rugged rocky Soil,
 Travell'd with painful Step and tedious Toil.
 Beyond the Wicket, tow'ring in the Skies
 See Difficulty's cragg'd Mountain rise,
 Narrow and sharp th' Ascent ; each Edge a Brink
 290 Whence to vast Depth dire Precipices sink.
Is that the Way to Wisdom? Dreadful Way !
The Landskip frowns with Danger and Dismay.
 Yet higher still, around the Mountain's Brow
 Winds yon huge Rock, whose steep smooth Sides allow
 295 No Track. Its Top two Sister Figures grace,
 Health's rosy Habit glowing in their Face.
 With Arms protended o'er the Verge they lean,
 The Promptitude of Friendship in their Mien.
 The Pow'rs of *Continence* and *Patience*, there
 300 Station'd by *Wisdom*, her Commission bear
 To rouse the Spirit of her fainting Son
 Thus far advanc'd, and urge and urge him on.
 Courage ! they call, the Coward's Sloth disdain,
 Yet, yet awhile, the noble Toil sustain :
 305 A lovely Path soon opens to your Sight.
But ah ! how climb'd that Rock's bare slipp'ry Height ?
 These generous Guides, who Virtue's Course befriend,
 In Succour of her Pilgrim, swift descend,
 Draw up their trembling Charge ; then, smiling, greet
 310 With kind Command to rest his weary Feet.
 With their own Force his panting Breast they arm,
 And with their own intrepid Spirt warm :

Next,

Next, plight their Guidance in his future Way
To *Wisdom*, and in rapt'rous view display

- 315 The blissful Road (there it invites your Eyes)
How smooth and easy to the Foot it lies,
Through beauteous land, from all annoyance clear
Of thorny Evil and perplexing Fear.

The third
Court, or
the Virtu-
ous Life.

- Yon leafy Grove's delicious Bow'rs to gain,
320 You cross th' Expanse of this enamell'd Plain ;
A Meadow with eternal Beauty bright,
Beneath a purer Heav'n, o'erflow'd with Light.
Full in the Center of the Plain, behold
A Court far-flaming with its Wall of Gold
325 And Gate of Diamond, where the Righteous rest ;
This Clime their Home, the Country of the Blest :
Here all the *Virtues* dwell, Communion sweet !
With *Happiness*, who rules the peaceful Seat.
In Station at th' effulgent Portal, see
330 A beauteous Form of mildest Majesty.
Her Eyes how piercing ! how sedate her Mien !
Mature in Life her Countenance serene :
Spirit and solid Thought each Feature shows,
And her plain Robe with State unstudy'd flows.
335 She stands upon a Cube of Marble, fix'd
As the firm Rock, two lovely Nymphs betwixt,
Her Daughters, Copies of her Looks and Air,
Here candid *Truth*, and sweet *Perswasion* there :
She, she is *Wisdom*. In her steadfast Die,
340 Behold th' expressive Type of Certainty :
Certain her Way, and permanent the Deed
Of Gift substantial to her Friends decreed.

She

She gives the Confidence erect and clear,
 She gives magnanimous Contempt of Fear,
 345 And bids th' invulnerable Mind to know
 Her Safety from the future Shafts of Woe.

*O Treasure, richer than the Sea or Land !
 But why without the Walls her destin'd Stand ?*

There standing, she presents her potent Bowl,
 350 Divine Cathartic, which restores the Soul.
This asks a Comment.

In some dire Disease,
Machaon's Skill first purges off the Lees :
 Then clear and strong the purple Current flows,
 And Life, renew'd in every Member glows :
 355 But if the Patient all Controul despise,
 Just Victim of his stubborn Will he dies.
 So *Wisdom*, by her Rules, with healing Art
 Expells *Delusion's* Mischiefs from the Heart ;
 Blindness, and Error, and high-boasting Pride,
 360 Intemp'rance, Lust, fierce Wrath's impetuous Tide,
 Hydropic Avarice, all the Plagues behind
 Which in the first mad Court oppress'd the Mind.
 Thus purg'd, her Pupil thro' the Gate she brings,
 The *Virtues* hail their Guest, the Guest enraptur'd sings.
 365 Behold the spotless Band, celestial Charms !
 Scene that with Awe chastises whom it warms :
 No Harlotry, no Paint, no gay Excess,
 But Beauty unaffected as their Dress.
 See *Knowledge* grasping a refulgent Star,
 370 See *Fortitude* in Panoply of War :

Justice

- Justice* her equal Scale aloft displays,
 And Rights both human and divine she weighs.
 There's *Moderation*, all the Pleasures bound
 In brazen Chains her dreaded Feet surround.
 375 There bounteous *Liberality* expands
 To Want, to Worth, her ever-loaded Hands.
 The florid Hue of *Temperance*, her Side
 Adorn'd by *Health* a Nymph in blooming Pride.
 Lo, soft-ey'd *Meekness* holds a curbing Rein,
 380 Anger's high-mettl'd Spirit to restrain :
 While *Moral Order* tunes her golden Lyre,
 And white-rob'd *Probity* compleats the Choir.
 O Fairest of all Fair ! O blissful State !
 What Hopes sublime our ravish'd Souls dilate !
 385 Hopes unabortive, if the Doctrine taught
 Fashion the Manners, into Habit wrought.
 Yes, 'tis resolv'd. We'll every Nerve employ.
 Live, then, restor'd ; and reap the promis'd Joy.
 But whither do the Virtues lead their Trust ?
 390 To *Happiness*, Rewarder of the Just.
 Look upward to the Hill beyond the Grove,
 A sovereign Pile extends its Front above :
 Stately and strong, the lofty Castle stands,
 Its boundless Prospect all the Courts commands.
 395 Within the Porch, high on a Jasper Throne,
 Th' Imperial Mother by her Form is known :
 Bright as the Morn, when smiling on the Hills
 Earth, Air, and Sea with vernal Joy she fills.
 Rich without lavish Cost her Vest behold
 400 In Colours of the Sky, and fring'd with Gold :

A Tiar,

A Tiar, wreath'd with every Flow'r that blows
Of liveliest Tints, around her Temples glows :
Eternal Bloom her snowy Temples binds,
Fearless of burning Suns and blasting Winds.

405 Now, with a Crown of wond'rous Pow'r, her Hand
(Assistant, round her, all the Virtues stand)
Adorns her Hero, honourable Meed
Of Conquests won by many a valiant Deed.

What Conquests ?

Formidable Beasts subdued :

410 Lab'ring he fought, he routed, he pursu'd.
Once, a weak Prey, beneath their Force he cowl'd,
O'erthrown, and worry'd, and well-nigh devour'd :
Till rous'd from his inglorious Sloth, possess'd
With generous Ardour kindling in his Breast,

415 Lord of himself, the Victor now constrains
Those hostile Monsters in his pow'rful Chains.

Explain those Savage Beasts at War with Man.

Error and Ignorance, which head the Van,
Heart-gnawing Grief, and loud-lamenting Woe,
420 Incontinence, a wild-destroying Foe,
Rapacious Avarice ; cruel Numbers more,
O'er all he triumphs now, their Slave before.

*O great Atchievements ! more illustrious far
These Triumphs, than the bloody Wreaths of War.*

425 *But, say ; what salutary Pow'r is shed
By the fair Crown, which decks the Hero's Head ?*

Most beatific. For possessing this
He lives, rich Owner of Man's proper Bliss :
Bliss independent of on Wealth or Pow'r,
430 Fame, Birth, or Beauty, or voluptuous Hour.

His Hope's divorc'd from all exterior Things,
 Within himself the Fount of Pleasure springs;
 Springs ever in the self-approving Breast,
 And his own honest Heart's a constant Feast.

Where, next, his Steps?

- 435 He measures back his Way,
 Conducted by the *Virtues*, to survey
 His first Abode. The giddy Crowd, below,
 Wasting their wretched Span in Crime they show;
 How in the Whirl of Passions they are tost,
 440 And, shipwreck'd on the lurking Shelves, are lost:
 Here fierce *Ambition* haling in her Chain
 The Mighty, there a despicable Train
 Impure in *Lust's* inglorious Fetter bound,
 And Slaves of *Avarice* rooting up the Ground,
 445 Thralls of *Vain-glory*, Thralls of swelling *Pride*,
 Unnumber'd Fools, unnumber'd Plagues beside.
 All-pow'rless they to burst the galling Band,
 To spring aloft, and reach yon happy Land,
 Entangl'd, impotent the Way to find,
 450 The clear Instruction blotted from their Mind
 Which the *Good Genius* gave; Guilt's gloomy Fears
 Becloud their Suns and sadden all their Years.
I stand convinc'd, but yet perplex'd in Thought
Why to review a well-known Scene he's brought.
 455 Scene rudely known. Uncertain and confus'd,
 His Judgment by Illusions was abus'd.
 His Evil was not Evil, nor his Good
 Ought else but Vanity misunderstood.
 Confounding Good and Evil, like the Throng,
 460 His Life, like theirs, was Action always wrong.
 Enlighten'd

Enlighten'd now in the true Bliss of Man,
 He shapes his alter'd Course by *Wisdom's* Plan :
 And, blest himself, beholds with weeping Eyes
 The madding World an Hospital of Sighs.

465 *This Retrospection ended, where succeeds
 His Course ?*

Where'er his wise Volition leads,
 Where'er it leads, Safety attends him still :
 Not safer, should he on *Apollo's* Hill,
 Among the Nymphs, among the vocal Pow'rs,
 470 Dwell in the Sanctum of *Corycian* Bow'rs :
 Honour'd by all, the Friend of human Kind,
 Belov'd Physician of the Sin-sick Mind ;
 Not *Esculapius* more, whose Pow'r to save
 Redeems his Patient from the yawning Grave.

475 *But never more shall his old restless Foes
 Awake his Fears, nor trouble his Repose ?*

Never. In righteous Habitude inur'd,
 From Passion's baneful Anarchy secur'd,
 In each enticing Scene, each Instant hard,
 480 That sovereign Antidote his Mind will guard :
 Like him, who, of some vertuous Drug possess'd,
 Grasps the fell Viper coil'd within her Nest,
 Hears her dire Hissings, sees her Terrors rise,
 And, unappall'd, Destruction's Tooth defies.

485 *Yon Troops in Motion from the Mount explain,
 Various to View ; for there a goodly Train,
 With Garlands crown'd, advance with comely Pace,
 Noble their Port, and in each tranquil Face
 Joy sparkles : Others, a bare-headed Throng,
 490 Batter'd and gasb'd, drag their slow Steps along,
 Captives of some strange female Crew.*

Apostates.

- The Crown'd,
 Long seeking, safe arriv'd at *Wisdom's* Bound,
 Exult in her imparted Grace. The rest,
 Those on whom *Wisdom*, unprevailing, prest
 495 Her healing Aid; rejected from her Care,
 In evil Plight their wicked Days they wear:
 Those too, who Difficulty's Hill had gain'd,
 There basely stopp'd, by dastard Sloth detain'd:
 Apostate now, in thorny Wilds they rove,
 500 Pursuing Furies scourge the Caitiff Drove;
Sorrows which gnaw, *remorseful Thoughts* which tear,
Blindness of Mind, and *Heart-oppressing Fear*,
 With all the contumelious Rout of *Shame*,
 And every Ill, and every hateful Name.
 510 Relaps'd to *Lewdness*, and her *sensual Queen*,
 Unblushing at themselves, but drunk with Spleen,
Wisdom's high Worth their canker'd Tongues dispraise,
 Revile her Children, and blaspheme her Ways.
 Deluded Wretches, (thus their Madness cries)
 515 Dull Mopes, weak Dupes of Philosophic Lies,
 Uncomforted, unjoyous, and unblest,
 Lost from the Pleasures here at large possess.
What Pleasures boast they?

- Pleasures of the Stews,
 Pleasures which *Riot's* frantic Bowls infuse.
 520 These high Fruition their gross Souls repute,
 And Man's chief Good to sink into a Brute.

The Dis-
 tinction
 between
 Opinion
 and
 Know-
 ledge.

- But who that lovely Bevy, blithe and gay,
 So smoothly gliding down the billy Way?*
 Those are th' *Opinions*, who have guided right
 525 The unexperienc'd to the Plain of Light:

Returning,

Returning, new Adventurers to bring,
The Blessings of the Last-arriv'd they sing.

*Why Ingress yielded to their favour'd Ward
Among the Virtues, to themselves debarr'd?*

530 Opinion's Foot is never never found
Where Knowledge dwells, 'tis interdicted Ground,
At Wisdom's Gate th' Opinions must resign
Their Charge, those Limits their Employ confine.
Thus trading Barks, skill'd in the wat'ry Road,
535 To distant Climes convey their precious Load,
Then turn their Prow, light bounding o'er the Main,
And with new Traffic store their Keels again.
*Thus far is clear. But yet untold remains
What the Good Genius to the Crowd ordains,
Just on the Verge of Life.*

540 He bids them hold
A Spirit with erected Courage bold.
Never (he calls) on Fortune's Faith rely,
Nor grasp her dubious Gifts as Property.
Let not her Smile transport, her Frown dismay,
545 Nor praise, nor blame, nor wonder at her Sway
Which Reason never guides: 'tis Fortune still,
Capricious Chance and arbitrary Will.
Bad Bankers, vain of Treasure not their own,
With foolish Rapture hug the trusted Loan:
550 Impatient, when the pow'rful Bond demands
Its unremember'd Cov'nant from their Hands.
Unlike to such, without a Sigh restore
What Fortune lends: anon she'll lavish more;

The In-
structions
of the Ge-
nius.

Repenting

Repenting of her Bounty snatch away,

555 Yea seize your patrimonial Fund for Prey.
Embrace her proffer'd Boon, but instant rise,
Spring upward, and secure a lasting Prize,
The Gift which *Wisdom* to her Sons divides;
Knowledge, whose Beam the doubting Judgment guides,

560 Scatters the sensual Fog, and clear to view
Distinguishes false Int'rest from the true.
Flee, flee to this, with unabating Pace,
Nor parly for a Moment at the Place
Where *Pleasure* and her *Harlots* tempt, nor rest

565 But at *false Wisdom's* Inn, a transient Guest:
For short Refection, at her Table sit
And taste what Science may your Palate hit:
Then wing your Journey forward, till you reach
True *Wisdom*, and imbibe the Truths she'll teach.

570 Such is th' Advice the friendly *Genius* gives,
He perishes who scorns, who follows lives.
And thus this Moral Piece instructs, if ought
Is mystic still, reveal your doubting Thought.

Thanks, generous Sire; tell, then, the transient Bait,

575 *The Genius grants us at False Wisdom's Gate.*

Natural
Know-
ledge, how
far useful,
and when
unprofit-
able and
hurtful.

Whate'er in Arts or Sciences is found
Of solid Use, in their capacious Round.
These, *Plato* reasons, like a curbing Rein,
Unruly Youth from devious Starts restrain.

580 *Must we, solicitous our Souls to save,*
Assistance from these previous Studies crave?
Necessity there's none. We'll not deny
Their Merit in some less Utility:

But

- But they contribute, we averr, no part
 585 To heal the Manners and amend the Heart.
 An Author's Meaning, in a Tongue unknown,
 May glimmer thro' Translation in our own:
 Yet Masters of his Language, we might gain
 Some trivial Purposes by tedious Pain.
- 590 So in the Sciences, tho', widely taught,
 We may attain the Little that we ought,
 Yet, accurately known they might convey
 More Light not wholly useless in its Way.
 But Virtue may be reach'd, thro' all her Rules,
- 595 Without the curious Subtleties of Schools.
*How! not the Learn'd excell the common Shoal;
 In pow'rful Aids to meliorate the Soul?*
 Blind as the Crowd alas! to Good and Ill,
 Intangl'd by the like corrupted Will,
- 600 What boasts the Man of Letters o'er the rest?
 Skill'd in all Tongues, of all the Arts possesst,
 What hinders but he sink into a Sot,
 A Libertine or Villain in a Plot,
 Miser, or Knave, or whasoe'er you'll name
- 605 Of moral Lunacy and Reason's Shame.
Scandals too rise!
 How, then, for living right
 Avail those Studies, and their vaunted Light
 Beyond the Vulgar?
- Nothing. But disclose
 The Cause from whence this strange Appearance grows.*
- 610 Held by a potent Charm in this Retreat
 They dwell, content with Nearness to the Seat
 Of Virtuous Wisdom.

Near,

Near, methinks, in vain :
 Since Numbers, oft, from out the nether Plain,
 'Scap'd from the Snare of Lewdness and Excess,
 615 Undevious to her lofty Station press,
 Yet pass these letter'd Clans.

What, then, are these
 In moral Things, advantag'd o'er the Lees
 Of human Race? in moral Things, we find
 These duller or less tractable of Mind.
 Decypher that.

620 Pride, Pride averts their Eyes
 From offer'd Light : in Self-sufficiency wise,
 Altho' unknowing, they presume to know :
 Clogg'd with that vain Conceit they creep below,
 Nor can mount up to yon exalted Bound,
 625 True *Wisdom's* Mansion, by the Humble found.
 Not found by These, till the vain Visions spread,
 By *false Opinion*, in the learned Head,
 Repentance scatter ; and, deceiv'd no more,
 They own th' Illusion which deceiv'd before,
 630 That for *true Wisdom* they embrac'd her Shade,
 And hence the Healing of their Souls delay'd.

Strangers, these Lessons, oft revolving, hold
 Fast to your Hearts, and into Habit mould :
 To this high Scope Life's whole Attention bend,
 635 Despise ought else as erring from your End.
 Do thus, or unavailing is my Care,
 And all th' Instruction dies away in Air.

Notes on the Table of *CEBES*.

VER. 9, 10. *Was a wall'd Court.* —] These three Courts, or Enclosures, correspond to the Distribution of Mankind into three Classes which rise in a Climax, the Worldly-minded, the Learned, and the Good : or to the Division of human Life into the Sensual, the Studious, and the Virtuous.

γ. 26. *Another Samian or Elean Sage.*] *Pythagoras*, the *Samian*, taught his Philosophy at *Crotone* a City in *Italy*. He flourished in the seventh Century before *Christ*. From him the *Italic* Sect of Philosophers derived their Name. *Parmenides*, his Cotemporary, was a Native of *Elea* another City in *Italy*; and, in conjunction with *Zeno* his Fellow-citizen, the Founder of the *Eleatic* Sect.

γ. 39, 40. *Wife, virtuous, blest.*] This is a very solemn Exordium. He awakens their Attention by the most interesting Motives, the important Effects of receiving or rejecting his Instructions. Of like Nature, but abundantly more sublime, is that of *Saint Paul*, * *For we are unto God a sweet Saviour of Christ, in them that are saved, and in them that perish. To the one we are the Saviour of Death unto Death : and to the other, the Saviour of Life unto Life.*

* *Cor. ii. 15, 16.*

γ. 42. *The Theban Pest.*] The *Sphinx* is described in the Fable a Monster with the Head and Face of a Woman, the Wings of a Bird, and shaped in the rest of her Body like a Dog. She posted herself on a Mountain near the City of *Thebes*, and from thence assailed Travellers. Upon consulting the Oracle, it was given for Answer, that the only Means of Deliverance from this Plague was to unfold her Riddle. *Jocasta*, then Queen of *Thebes*, offered her Person and her Crown to the Expounder. *Oedipus* succeeded, and had the Reward. The *Sphinx*, thereupon, cast herself down from the Mountain and perished. This Note may appear trifling. But some Readers will not think so, who not being acquainted with the Fable could not possibly understand our Author's beautiful Application of it.

γ. 46. — *How is Good and Ill defin'd.*] Good and Evil are here equivalent to profitable and pernicious. It is the Province of ^b *Ethics*, or Moral Philosophy, to assist us to distinguish clearly the one from the other, and to direct our Conduct by right Judgment in this Point. Moral Philosophy, therefore, is ^c true Wisdom : for it leads us to that ^d Knowledge, or Prudence, which discovers

^b *Xen. Mem. lib. iv. c. 6. §. 1, 8.* ^c γ. 339. ^d γ. 363, 369, 538.

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our true Interest, and Virtue to be that Interest. A practical Habit of such Knowledge is the first of moral Excellencies, and is acquired, according to *Socrates*, by the Study of a Man's Self, which he preferred to all other Studies. Folly is just the contrary. For Folly is that Imprudence, or Ignorance of Good and Evil, which makes us perpetually mistake our true Interest, and is the Source of all our Indiscretions, all our Vices, and of the far greater Part of our Troubles. But contrary Habits cannot exist together in the same Mind. Moral Prudence must of Necessity destroy Folly,

* Xen. Mem. lib. iv. c. 2. §. 24.—ult.

§. 47. — *By Folly's Law we die.*] As our Author has given Personality to Folly, so the Apostle Paul has made a Person of Sin: *' For Sin taking occasion by the Commandment, deceived me, and by it slew me. The Law of the Spirit of Life hath made me free from the Law of Sin and Death.*

† Rom. vii. 11.—viii. 2.

§. 66. *That ancient, & Genius of Mankind, &c.*] Does not this venerable Personage represent human Reason? and does not the Manuscript, which he holds in his Hand, contain the Law, or Dictates, of Reason? Indeed the Allegory describes him communicating his Instructions to Men, before they come into the World. But so does Delusion her intoxicating Draught. And as this last can only mean that we are born frail and liable to err, the Counter-part in the Allegory may intend that we are also born reasonable, and furnished with Principles for right Conduct and Happiness. We are told by an Ancient, *that the Mind of Man, even in its present embodied State, is in some Sense a Demon or Genius. Plutarch* puts the Question, whether the Demon of *Socrates* was any thing more than his own Nature? And *Xenocrates* expressly says, every Man's Soul is a God, or Genius, to him. ¹

Or are we to suppose, that our Author's Demon, or Genius, personates those superiour Beings, which some Philosophers imagined to attend on Mankind? These were filled ² Demons from their Knowledge in the Will of God, and Angels from their being his Ministers to communicate his Laws to Men, and to direct us in the Way to Happiness.

³ Δαίμων. ⁴ Nam quodam significatu et animus humanus, etiam nunc in corpore situs, Dæmon nuncupatur. Apul. de Deo Socr. ⁵ Charpentier la vie de Socrat. p. 107, 108. ⁶ Hieroc. in earm. Pyth. §. 2, p. 41. ed. Lond.

§. 71. — *Delusion plies her Part.*] This World is full of false Appearances. Our Frailty renders us liable to be deceived. Reason, if attended to, will discover the Cheat, and shew us what is truly Good, and truly Evil.

¶ 75. *Her faithless Hand presents a crystal Bowl.*] Saint John has drawn the Picture of *Delusion* in much the same Colours of Allegory. ¹ *And the Woman was arrayed in Purple, and scarlet Colour, and decked with Gold and precious Stones, and Pearls, having a golden Cup in her Hand, full of Abominations and Filthiness of her Fornication. And the Inhabitants of the Earth have been made drunk with the Wine of her Fornication.*

¹ Rev. xvii. 2, 4.

¶ 77. *Error and Ignorance infused, &c.*] Our Deception by appearing Good and Evil is owing, in part, to Ignorance of the Nature of Things for want of Experience, and in part to rash and erroneous Judgments concerning them for want of Consideration. Thus the Mixture in *Delusion's* Cup is compounded of Ignorance and Error.

¶ 82. *Others but taste——*] All Men are born frail and incident to Error, but not all in the same degree, says our Author. There is a beautiful Variety in the moral as in the natural World. Men are less perfect than Angels, and there are Gradations of Imperfection in Mankind. Some by the Superiority of natural Endowments, and by additional Advantages of Instruction, are more capable to discover Truth and the Way to Happiness than others. This Diversity became the Wisdom of God. In the mean time the Equity and Goodness of his Providence are absolved: since he gives to All the Light of Reason, and requires from none more than Improvement of the Capacities and Means which they enjoy. ^a *For unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required.*

^a Luke xii. 48.

¶ 83. *Th' Opinions, &c.*] A Man's Course of Life is a Series of Actions in pursuit of what is most agreeable to his ruling Inclination. This makes his Pleasure, his Enjoyment, and what he accounts Happiness. But his Inclination to one Object rather than to another is determined by his Opinion, or Apprehension of things. Our Opinions, therefore, give birth to our Desires, the Objects of our Desires form our Pleasures, and our Conduct is a continual Endeavour to possess those Objects.

¶ 87. *Each like a Mistress dress'd.*] There are right Opinions, regular Desires, and innocent Pleasures, as well as false, inordinate, and culpable. But the Allegory painteth them all in the Dress of *Harlots*, to signify, I suppose, that insinuating Nature and Ascendancy over the Mind which is common to them all.

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¶ 89.

¶ 89. *Soon as we enter Life, &c.*] The Age of Infancy and Childhood is little else than a blank Space. We then properly enter into Life, when we enter upon some Scene or Course of Action in the World, which we do in Youth.

¶ 92. *To Bliss or Ruin, &c.*] Some *Opinions, &c.* lead Men to Destruction. Others conduct their Followers to Salvation, says our Author. This is the whole Allegory in Epitome. *False Opinions, &c.* carry us to *Fortune*, from *Fortune* to *sensual Pleasure*, and so into Courses which throw us into the Hands of *Punishment*; and, if we are not rescued by *Repentance*, into the Pit of *Inferlicity*. Or else, *False Opinions* misguide us to *False Wisdom*, whose Instructions are not able to cure our Minds and make us happy. On the other hand, *Right Opinions*, or just Sentiments, will put us under the Tuition of *moral Philosophy*, the *true Wisdom*, which will introduce us to all the *Virtues*, and by them to *Happiness*.^a

^a ¶. 205—220. ¶. 524—527.

¶ 102. *Delusion's Cup strong-working, &c.*] Our Frailty exposeth us to Deception, but does not necessitate us to be deceived. We are provided with Faculties to prevent or rectify the Abuse. If, therefore, we are trepanned into Folly, Vice, and Ruin, this is not to be charged on the Author of our Frame. We suffer our Passions to impose upon us. We disregard, we forget, we extinguish those Principles of Truth with which He furnished our Nature. This was *Cebes'* way of thinking, and is agreeable to the Doctrine of Revelation. *God cannot be tempted with Evil, neither tempteth He any Man. But every Man is tempted, when he is drawn away of his own Lust, and enticed.*

^a ¶. 437—452. ^b Jam. i. 13, 14.

¶ 107. *Fortune, &c.*] We set out in Life with a fatal Mistake, if we apply to *Fortune* for Happiness. For this is to fix our highest Interest in things which we are not sure to obtain, nor certain to keep, and which commonly prove Temptations to Vice and Occasions of our Ruin. ¶. 107, to ¶. 178.

¶ 107. *Blind, frantic, deaf—*] I imagine our Author expresseth himself in this manner, in Accommodation to the People. Events, in no sort within the reach of human Power and Prudence, were commonly imputed to blind Chance. For the Generality of the Heathen World had no Notion, that the appearing Confusion and Inconstancy in the Distribution of Good and Evil is conducted by the wise and steady Counsels of God. But *Cebes* had learned that noble Lesson from his Master *Socrates*, who firmly believed a Providence, and reasoned admirably well with others to establish them in the same Belief.

^c Xen. Mem. lib. i. c. 1. §. 8. lib. iv. c. 3. §. 3—14.

¶. 115.

¶ 115. *Idem cruel Blast, &c.*] Calamities and Successes are filed in the golden Verses of *Pythagoras, divine Fortune*. The Commentator explains that Expression in the following manner. If, says he, the Divine Decree is unconditional, and, antecedently to any thing done by us, appointeth to one Man Riches, to another Poverty, this should be called Divine Will, or Predestination, not Fortune. On the other hand, if one is fortunate, another unfortunate, by meer Chance, as we commonly speak, this should be termed Fortune only, and not Divine Fortune. But now, if God, who governs the World, rendereth to every one according to his Deserts, and is not the Author of any Man's Wickedness, but only the righteous Disposer of every Man's Condition, the Manifestation of his Judgments is properly expressed by *Divine Fortune*. This Phrase uniteth human Liberty with God's Decrees, and sheweth us that things fall out neither by absolute Predestination, nor meerly by our Will. For the Divine Decree, regulated by Justice, hath fixed certain Punishments to certain Offences. This is Predestination and Providence. But when this or that particular Man falleth under those Punishments, this is fortuitous and contingent: because it is by his own free Choice that he committeth those Crimes to which such Evils are ordained.*

This Reasoning of *Hierocles* will hold good with regard to many calamitous and prosperous Events in the World. But it cannot be true universally: for then the Prosperity of wicked Men would be a Reward of some Merit in them; and all the Afflictions of good Men, Punishments of some Sin or Folly of their own.

* Hierocl. in carm. Pyth. §. 17, to §. 20.

¶ 130. *The Victor's Laurel, &c.*] The Stranger demandeth here, why these Favours of *Fortune* should not be called good Things? I will speak to that Point hereafter, replies the Interpreter; referring, I suppose, to the Disputation which is at the End in some Editions of this Work. As that Dispute is not taken into this Translation, for a Reason which will be given in its proper Place, it was necessary to omit the aforesaid Question and Reply.

¶ 137. — *In this low sensual Ground.*] We are still in the first and lowest Court, in which Court on some enclosed Eminence was the Mansion of *Voluptuousness*. For afterwards, speaking of Apostates, he says, "When these come to the first Court to *Voluptuousness* and to those Women, *Incontinence*, &c." §. 510.

* P. 61. lib. x, &c. ed. Johnson.

¶ 143. *See! Lewdness, &c.*] *Incontinence*, which is here represented as the principal Vice that ministers to *Voluptuousness*, cannot be intended in its

* *ungratia.*

largest

largest Signification. For, then, it would comprehend Intemperance and every other Indulgence of inordinate Passion. It must mean here the criminal Gratification of Veneral Desires.

¶ 144. See! " *Riot, &c.*] This is the Vice of Prodigality, of which Saint Luke has given so affecting a Picture in the Parable of the prodigal Son. " *The younger Son gathered all together, and took his Journey into a far Country, and there wasted his Substance with riotous Living.—As soon as this thy Son was come, which hath devoured thy Living with Harlots, &c.*

" *αἰσῆτις.*

" Luke xv. 13, 30.

" *ἡ γὰρ αἰσῆτις.*

¶ 146. *There dimpling Adulation, &c.*] What has Flattery to do here? Vice flatters us with lying Promises of Pleasure.

These they caress, they flatter, they entreat

To try the Pleasures of their soft Retreat.

The Flatteries of other Men are likewise dangerous Fomenters of irregular Passions. *Alcibiades* was seduced from the Influence of *Socrates's* Instructions to ambitious and debauching Courses, by the Incense offered to his Quality, his powerful Interest, and the Beauty of his Person. *

* Xen. Mem. lib. i. c. 2. §. 24.

¶ 148. *Fortune's insatiate Fav'rites, &c.*] He had already shewn the Folly of placing Happiness in outward Possessions from their Precariousness and Inconstancy. He now enforceth his Point by the Consideration of their Mischievousness. Wealth, for Instance, puts it in our Power to humour our corrupt Inclinations. This is a strong Temptation to do so. And thus we are easily drawn into Courses which conclude in Misery and Ruin. ¶ 147. to ¶ 202.

¶ 170. *Slave to those tyrant Fills, &c.*] Tell me, said *Socrates* to *Euthydemus*, do you not look upon Freedom to be an excellent and noble Possession both to an Individual and to a Community? Undoubtedly, replied the Youth. Do you think, then, that a Man so addicted to sensual Pleasures as to find himself to have lost all Power to do well, enjoys Freedom? No surely. Perhaps to do well is in your Opinion to be free. Certainly. Debauchees, then, are not free Men in your Account? That is my Sentiment, answered *Euthydemus*. And are Debauchees only under an Impotency to do good Actions? are not they also compelled to commit the most infamous? Both. What

" *αἰσῆτις.*

will

will you say of those Masters, who not only hinder their Servants from acting right, but moreover force them to act wrong? They are the very worst of Tyrants. What is the worst Bondage? To be a Slave to such a Master. It follows, added the Philosopher, that Debauchees are in the most miserable Bondage.

Thus *Socrates* argued against Incontinence, and this is a Specimen of his familiar Manner of teaching.

^c Xen. Mem. lib. iv. c. 5. §. 2—6.

†. 160. *While now Delights the sweet Delirium feed.*] *Cebes* says with greater Energy, “While *Voluptuousness* titillates the Man.” That happy Metaphor instructeth us by a single Word in the superficial Satisfaction and momentary Duration of sensual Enjoyment. It is but tickling a Man’s Palate with a pleasant Draught or Morsel.

†. 168. *Himself the Game, &c.*] He findeth the Indulgence of his brutal Appetites to have been no true Enjoyment, and that they have involved him in great and lasting Mischiefs. For they have devoured his Fortunes, abused his Expectations, debased his Nature, and ruined his Character.

†. 173. *Villain, or Knave, &c.*] These are the infamous and desperate Expedients, for the Support of their Vices, which Men frequently venture upon, when they have impoverished themselves by Lewdness and Luxury.

†. 178. *In the dire Hands of Punishment, &c.*] Not the Terrors of civil Justice. But supposing him to escape those, he suffereth Punishment from himself. The dismal State of his own guilty Mind is his Dungeon, his own Remorse and sharp Reflections are the Furies which torment him. †. 179. to †. 202.

†. 201. *Then deeper sinks, plung’d in the Pit of Woe.*] The House of Infelicity is the deepest and darkest Part of the abovementioned Dungeon. For by *Infelicity*, I apprehend, is meant that fixed and incurable State of Misery, into which a wicked Mind sinketh, if it be not recovered by Repentance. In which Case, the Horrors of Guilt will increase, and the Lashes of Conscience grow more and more severe.

†. 203.—*Repentance.*—] Repentance is a Change of Sentiments followed by a Change of Conduct. *Repentance* presents to the Sinner a *Right Opinion* and a *Wrong* one, because his Change of Sentiment may be from Error to Truth, or only an Exchange of former Error for another of a different Kind.

If, in consequence of the latter Alteration in his Notions, his Reformation consists in quitting his Sensuality for the curious Speculations and Amusements of natural Knowledge, he is sadly misled by that wrong Choice. For his corrupt Mind will never be cured, nor his Peace restored by those Studies. But if he judgeth Virtue to be his only Remedy, he judgeth rightly. He will apply himself to the Precepts of *moral Philosophy*, and so will become a wise, good, and happy Man.

§. 226. — *That second Court.* —] Having shewn the miserable End of sensual and vicious Pleasures, he next examineth the Pretensions of the liberal Arts and Sciences. But neither is the chief Good of Man, that is, Happiness, to be found in these Pursuits. For if we push our Application beyond what is really useful in them, we meet with nothing but uncertain Conjectures, unprofitable Amusement, and jejune Speculations. In the mean time we are taken off from the Study of ourselves, we are puffed up with Vanity; and our Pride and Presumption are an effectual Bar to the Admission of that better Instruction, which alone can deliver us from our Mistakes and corrupt Passions, and procure solid Tranquillity to the Mind. §. 224. to §. 278.

§. 228. — *The Phantom of the True.*] This Figure representeth *Natural Philosophy*, together with all those Arts and Sciences which its Professors, in those Days, pretended to teach. This is *Wisdom*, or Knowledge, falsely so called. For Men are misled by it to embrace Falshood and groundless Opinions for Truth, and to neglect the most important Knowledge for trifling Amusement. This was the Reason why *Socrates* set himself to disengage young People from an immoderate Eagerness for those admired Accomplishments, and laboured to inspire them with the Love of moral Instruction. Our Author, his Disciple, also discountenanceth only that vain Sort of Learning, and with the same good Intention.

§. 231. *The Sav'd, &c.*] ^a The Saved, or they that are saved, signify in this Author, those who by sound Instruction are made virtuous and happy. They escape the Mischiefs and Miseries of Ignorance, Deception, Folly, and Wickedness. ^{*} Are we not to understand this same Expression in much the same Sense in the New Testament ?

^a οἱ Σωζομενοι. ^{*} P. 9. lin. 7. *ibid.* lin. penult. p. 13. lin. 5. p. 29. lin. 4. et penult. p. 49. lin. 3. p. 55. lin. 7. p. 59. lin. 17. ed. Johnson. Luke xiii. 23. Acts ii. 47. 1 Cor. i. 18. 2 Cor. ii. 15. Rev. xxi. 24.

§. 236. *The plain Man's Path, &c.*] Compare §. 613, &c.

§. 239.

* 239. *Her Levers, &c.*] This is a Stroke of Satire aimed at the Sophists, the Professors of Learning in those Days. Their Schools were crowded by the Youth, to whom they put off their Trash at an extravagant Price. These Men undertook nothing less than to teach Geometry, Arithmetic, Astronomy, Natural Philosophy, Eloquence, and the Art of Government. But all their swelling Promises ended in a few superficial Lectures on those Subjects, and in tedious Disputations in which they exercised their Pupils to qualify them for holding up an Argument on any Point whatever, and on either Side of a Question. Accordingly young Fellows came from their Academies full of Vanity, and fond of entering into Controversy on all Occasions to display their Parts. This ostentatious and empty Learning, so prejudicial to its Followers and so remote from the Principles of solid Philosophy, was that which *Socrates*, and after him his Disciples *Cebes* and *Xenophon*, so much opposed.

^a Charpent. *vie de Socr.* p. 63—67.

* 233. *Just touching at this Inn, &c.*] *Socrates* allowed his Disciples to dip into these Studies. In his Opinion, what was of real Use in them to the Purposes of human Life might be acquired in a little time. He recommended the Knowledge of our Hearts for our principal Object. This will turn to best Account to ourselves, and will render us most useful to others.

^b Xen. Mem. lib. 4. c. 7. §. 3—8. comp. c. 2. §. 23, 24.

* 249. *Pleasure's Philosophers, &c.*] He cannot mean the Epicureans. For *Epicurus* was not born till the 109th Olympiad. Whereas *Socrates* was put to death^c in the first Year of the 95th Olympiad. Supposing, then, *Cebes* to have been a young Man not above twenty at the Time of his Master's Death, he could not be much short of fourscore at *Epicurus*' Birth, if he lived so long. I conjecture, therefore, that our Author strikes at *Aristippus*, who was a Disciple of *Socrates*, but degenerated from the noble Doctrine of his Instructor. For he was the Founder of the *Cyrenaic* School, which placed the chief Good of Man in corporeal Pleasures. *Xenophon* wrote a Book against him to overthrow that pernicious Principle.

^d Buddei Compend. p. 281. ^e Charpent. *vie de Socr.* p. 218. ^f Diog. Laert. lib. 2. Aristip.

* 249. *Lyceum's Pride.*] *Aristotle* and his Followers. *Aristotle* was a very young Man at *Socrates*' Death. He had, however, attended the Instructions

of that Philosopher three Years, and was afterwards a Heaver of *Plato* twenty. But the Simplicity of Moral Philosophy suited not his daring and subtle Genius. He struck out new Paths for himself, and gave full scope to his boundless Invention on all Sorts of Subjects. But he went beyond his Depth. His Physics and Metaphysics are full of chimerical Principles, groundless Hypotheses, and unintelligible Jargon. Even his Ethics is a System of dry Disputations, Definitions, and Distinctions, fitted to amuse the Head, but too cold to impress the Heart with Abhorrence of Vice and Love of Virtue. His Poetics and Rhetoric seems to me the best of his Philosophical Works.

†. 254. *To the lowd Harlot, &c.*] Compare †. 143. *Uc. us to find her*

†. 280. *Which mounts us to the Joys of Truth's Abode.*] Happiness not being found in sensual Enjoyment, nor yet in the Knowledge of natural Things, it remaineth that *Ethics*, or Moral Philosophy, must direct us to this Treasure, and that it is the Fruit and Reward of Virtue. †. 281, to †. 484.

†. 283. — *Yon strait and lonely Gate.*] Our Philosopher deals fairly with us. He will not cheat us into a good Life by telling the Pleasure and concealing the Trouble. He warns us of the Conflicts and Labour it will cost. He paints them in the strongest Colours of Description. The Greatest of all Instructors observed the same Method. He even made Choice of the same Images to represent the Difficulties and Discouragements which clog the Beginnings of a virtuous Course. *Strait is the Gate, and narrow is the Way which leadeth unto Life, and few there be that find it.*

“ Τεθλιμμένη ὁδὸς, which answers to our Author's ἀγῶνις τις καὶ τεχνία καὶ πειρασμός — *strait war and labour, &c.* “ *Matt. vii. 14.*

†. 299. *The Pow'rs of Continence and Patience, &c.*] The Difficulty at the Entrance into a Moral Life is occasioned by inordinate Passions. Strong Resolution to controul those Passions is *Continence*, and Perseverance in such Resolution is *Patience*. Our Progress then grows easy and pleasant. We are prepared to receive the Precepts of Wisdom, and are brought by them to that Universal Rectitude of Heart and Conduct which will make us truly happy.

†. 309. *Draw up, &c.*] The Consideration that the Difficulty of Virtue will not last long, and that the further we proceed the smoother our Way will be, is a powerful Motive to surmount that Difficulty. This is Moral Drawing. *Xenophon* useth a compound of this Verb to express the Persuasiveness of Vice. Does not Debauchery, says *Socrates*, hinder Men from all profitable Application and Pursuits, by drawing them into Pleasures?

• ἀλκύν. • ἀποσπᾶν. • *Xen. Mem. lib. iv. c. 3. §. 6.* And

And are we not to understand this Word in Saint *John*, for perswading the Mind by rational Motives of Conviction? *No Man can come to me, except the Father, which hath sent me, draw him.*

* John vi. 44.

†. 307. *With their own Force, &c.*] Bodily Strength is acquired by hearty Eating and strong Exercise, and in return will enable us to eat heartily and endure Labour. So is it in Virtue. By Abstinence from sensual Pleasure we become temperate, and being grown temperate, we have greater Force for that sort of Abstinence.

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* Andron. Rhod. lib. ii. c. 2. p. 63.

†. 315. *The blissful Road, &c.*] Thus *Solomon* says of Wisdom, *Her Ways are Ways of Pleasantness, and all her Paths are Peace.*

* Prov. iii. 17.

†. 319. *Yon lofty Groves, &c.*] This Grove forms the Avenue from the Plain or Meadow of Light, wherein dwell the Virtues, to the Eminence on which standeth the Temple of Happiness.

†. 321. *A Meadow, &c.*] An illumined Plain is a proper Habitation for Wisdom, Truth, Virtue, and Happiness. For Light is the Emblem of Knowledge, Purity, and Joy. This Scene makes a refreshing Contrast to the Cave of Darkness, †. 179, &c. as that Cave represents the deplorable State of a Mind corrupted by Vice and tormented with Guilt. This Plain of Light is a just Allegory of the delightful Condition of a virtuous Spirit, in regard to the Clearness and Excellence of its Understanding, the Order and Beauty of its Dispositions, and the Comfort of its Reflections.

†. 330. *A beautiful Form, &c.*] This is *Esthetics*, or Moral Philosophy, which is Instruction truly so called: because it teacheth nothing but Truth, and Truth of the highest Importance. The sound Understanding, Regularity, unaffected Simplicity, and amiable Temper, which are the Effects of true Wisdom, are allegorised in this lovely and majestic Personage. Our Author, probably, took his Hint from the Fable of *Prodicus*, related by *Socrates*, in which Pleasure and Virtue appear to the young *Hercules* in the Forms of two very fine Women, but the latter with a Beauty and Dignity infinitely superior to her Rival. Nay *Socrates* himself, it is likely, borrowed the Thought from thence, in his Reply to *Antiphon* the Sophist, who asked him why he took no

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* Xen. Mem. lib. ii. c. 1, 21, &c.

Pay for teaching? * Beauty and Wisdom, he answered, resemble each other. Either may be applied to honourable or infamous Purposes. If a Woman lets out her Charms to hire, we call her a Prostitute. But we applaud her Prudence, who giveth herself in Marriage to a worthy Man that has evidenced a sincere Passion for her.

* Ibid. lib. i. c. 6. §. 11—13.

† 343. *She gives the Confidence, &c.*] A noble Confidence and Greatness of Mind, which Danger cannot shake nor Adversity disturb, are the Effects of a good Conscience and of the Sentiments that virtuous Wisdom inspireth. *Solomon* has given us the same Thought, with its Counter-part in the Pusillanimity natural to Vice and Guilt. The * *Wicked flee when no Man pursueth: but the Righteous are bold as a Lion.*

* Prov. xxviii. 1.

† 335. *She stands upon a Cube of Marble, &c.*] The firm Pedestal which supporteth the Figure of *Moral Philosophy*, is opposed to the round one on which *Fortune* totters. The Principles and Rules of Virtue are plain and certain. He that followeth them is sure to attain his End, which is Happiness. Moral Acquirements are durable Possessions.

† 350. *Divine Cathartic, &c.*] *Plutarch* calls the Doctrine of *Socrates* a Medicine to cleanse and purify the Soul. The Efficacy of the Christian Doctrine, to recover Men from Ignorance, Error, and Wickedness, is expressed by the * Metaphor which our Author here useth.

* Acts xv. 9. Tit. ii. 14.

† 355. *But if the Patient all Controul despise.*] This referreth to the Case, * afterwards mentioned, of those who are of such depraved Dispositions, that no Instruction taketh effect upon them, and who are therefore rejected as Incurable. * *Xenophon* tells us, at the Conclusion of a Conversation he relates between *Socrates* and *Euthydemus*, that the young Man went away sorrowful, and filled with mortifying Contempt of his own Ignorance. He adds, that many others did so, who never returned to him as *Euthydemus*, and whom the Philosopher gave over for incorrigible Fools.

* † 493. to † 517.

* Mem. lib. iv. c. 2. §. 39, 40.

† 372.

† 372. *And Rights both human and divine for weighs.]* *Andronicus Rhodius* reckons Piety among the Particulars of Justice. For Piety regards the Rights of God, and yields him the Service which is due unto him. But it doth not appear that *Cebes* took Religion into his Plan, because, it may be thought that Religion does not come within the Province of Ethics. This, however, is the best Reason I can think of for the Omission. For I cannot imagine him a Stranger to the Theory or Practice of Piety, who had received so many excellent Lessons on that Subject from his Master *Socrates*.

παι παθον.

† 373. *There's Moderation, &c.]* This is that Virtue by which we subdue the Inclination to irregular Pleasure.

Σοφροσυνη. Andron. Rhod. παι παθον.

† 375. *There bounteous Liberality, &c.]* This is the Virtue which regulates the Use of Wealth, and disposeth us freely to part with it in Charity and to all other praise-worthy Purposes.

ελευθερια. Andr. Rhod. παι παθον.

† 377. — *Temperance.* —] This surely is a different Personage from her who stood with Patience on the Rock of Difficulty, tho' called by the same Name. This, therefore, may signify that Species of *Continence* which governs the Appetites of Hunger and Thirst.

εγκρατια. εγκρατια. vid. †. 299.

† 381. *While Moral Order, &c.]* This is the Skill of disposing our Actions aright, and doing every thing at a proper time and place, and in a becoming manner.

ευταξια. Andron. Rhod. παι παθον.

† 382. *And white-robed Probity, &c.]* *Καλοκαγαθια* seems to mean that Honesty of Heart which crowns and perfects a virtuous Character. For *Aristotle* says, that this is a complex Term which comprehendeth all the Virtues; and that he who possesseth every Quality of a thorough good Man is called *καλῶς ἀγαθός*, an honest worthy Person.

• Magn. Moral. lib. ii. c. 9.

† 396. *The Imperial Mother, &c.]* *Happiness* is the Mother of the Virtues. For the Happiness of a virtuous Life gives Birth to all our Endeavours after Virtue.

†. 401.

§. 401. *A Flower, wreath'd with every Flower that blows.*] The future Happiness of good Men, promised by the Christian Religion, is expressed by like Images: *A Crown of Glory that fadeth not away.—An Inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and which fadeth not away.*

1. Pet. i. 4.—v. 4.

§. 410. *Lab'ring he fought, &c.*] Here also our Author's Ideas and Expressions are conformed to those of the sacred Writers. For thus they speak of the Conflict with Error, Seduction, and corrupt Affections, and of Victory over them, *Fight the good Fight of Faith.—To him that overcometh I give to eat of the Tree of Life.—I saw them that had gotten the Victory over the Beast, &c. having the Harps of God.*

1 Tim. vi. 12. 1 Rev. ii. 7, 11.—iii. 5, 21.—xv. 2.

§. 422. *Their Slave before.*] In much the same manner the Apostle Paul describeth the Condition of Men under the Power of Error and inordinate Passions: *We ourselves were sometimes foolish, disobedient, deceived, serving divers Lusts and Pleasures.*

Tit. iii. 3.

§. 422. *O'er all he triumphs now, &c.*] Virtue is the Restoration of Reason to her rightful Sovereignty over the Passions. This is the noblest Dominion. *He that is slow to Anger is better than the Mighty, and he that ruleth his Spirit than he that taketh a City.* But with what Pomp and Dignity is this Sentiment ushered in by Saint John: *And they sang a new Song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the Book, and to open the Seals thereof: for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy Blood, out of every Kindred, and Tongue, and People, and Nation. And hast made us unto our God Kings and Priests: and we shall reign on the Earth.*

1 Prov. xvi. 32. 1 Rev. v. 9, 10.

§. 432. *Within himself, &c.*] Independance on outward Enjoyments, and that Contentment and Peace of Soul which result from well-doing, constitute the Happiness of Virtue according to our Author. These are certainly the greatest Blessings in the present World, and these make a Part of the Reward

of Righteousness in the Scheme of Revelation. * *The Bathshide in Heart shall be filled with his own Ways : and a good Man shall be satisfied from himself.*

* Prov. xiv. 14.

†. 435. — *He measures back his Way.*] This is a well-imagined Incident. It gives occasion to a moving Description of the deplorable State of the World, that lieth in Wickedness, and sets the Character of Virtue in a most amiable Light. It takes its rise from Nature. A Man who has begun to feel the Pleasures of righteous Life, cannot but make a Retrospection on his former Course, and compare his present Happiness with the wretched Condition out of which he is escaped. This Review awakeneth in his Heart the most generous Compassion for those who remain under the Power of Delusion and enslaving Passions, and warmeth him with benevolent Zeal to exert himself for their Recovery.

†. 447. *All-powerless they, &c.*] They cannot, says Cebes, extricate themselves from the Mischiefs with which they are entangled. The Reason why they cannot, is, they have forgotten the Instruction they received from the Good Genius. He means therefore a moral Impotence, owing to inveterate Habits of Vice, and Suppression of our Convictions by long Resistance of them. This will explain what our Saviour said to the Jews : *Why do ye not understand my Speech ? Even because ye cannot hear my Words.*

† John viii. 43.

†. 457. *His Evil was not Evil, &c.*] A good Man differeth from a wicked Man in this regard, he distinguisheth what is beneficial from what is merely pleasing. He discerneth the Truth in all things, having in himself a Rule and Measure to judge of them. Whereas bad Men, for Want of Ability to discern Truth, are abused by Pleasure. They imagine whatever is agreeable to be likewise good, though it be not really so : and they avoid as evil, what is not in its Nature evil, nor ought to be avoided. Andron. Rhod. Paraph. lib. iii. c. 5.

†. 459. *Confounding Good and Evil, &c.*] Wrong Judgment is the Source of wrong Practice. It is of the highest Importance to discern the Differences of things, by reason of the Consequences of Ignorance and sound Understanding in this Matter to our Conduct and Happiness. * This is the Meaning of that Saying of Jesus Christ, *The Light of the Body is the Eye : if therefore thine Eye be single (sound and clear) thy whole Body shall be full of Light. But if*

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* †. 46. to †. 56. Matt. vi. 22, 23.

thine Eye be evil (in a diseased State) thy whole Body shall be full of Darkness. If therefore the Light that is in thee be Darkness, how great is that Darkness!

¶ 470. *Corycian Bow'rs.*] He is as safe, says the Original, as if he dwelt in the *Corycian Grotto*. This seems a proverbial Form of Speech, and equivalent to saying he is under the special Care of the Divinity, for the *Corycian Grotto*, which was ^a a Cave in Mount *Parnassus*, was imagined by the vulgar Superstition to be the Habitation of the Nymphs.

^b Johnson in Ceb. Tab. Nor. p. 176.

¶ 472. *Below'd Physician, &c.*] The Son of God did not think it below his Dignity to represent his own beneficent Office under the same Character. *They that are whole need not a Physician, but they that are sick: I came not to call the Righteous, but Sinners to Repentance.* *Socrates* hinted nearly the same thing concerning himself. ^c *Melitus*, his Accuser, says to him at his Trial, I know what young People you seduced to believe you in Preference to their Parents. True, replied *Socrates*, but it was in what regarded their Instruction: for that was what I aimed at. So a sick Man ought to believe his Physician before his own Father.

^e Luke v. 30, 31.

^d Charpent. vie de Socrat. p. 150.

¶ 478. *From Passion's baneful Anarchy, &c.*] *Socrates* was a remarkable Example of that even Temper and constant Cheerfulness, which are the natural Fruits of Innocence and Well-doing. No Accident disconcerted him, no Affront ruffled him. He enjoyed his Poverty. He maintained an Equality of Mind on every Occasion. He always returned to his House with the same sweet and pleasant Aspect with which he went out. Nor did he change Countenance when he received Sentence of Death, or when he put the Bowl of Poison to his Mouth.

¶ 495. — *Rejected from her Cars.*] Some Parts in this Description of Relapses, or Apostates, glance, I imagine, at *Critias* and *Alcibiades*. They both followed *Socrates* for a Season. Both left him, carried away by Views of Ambition, and corrupted by bad Company. *Alcibiades*, indeed, retained to the last a secret Veneration for his old Master. But *Critias* bore him an implacable Grudge for a Reprimand he once received from him. So that, on being made one of the thirty Tyrants of *Athens*, he became his Prosecutor, and forbade him to continue his Instructing of Youth.

¶ 497.

^f Xen. Mem. lib. i. c. 2. §. 12—47.

¶ *y. 497. These too, &c.]* There are two Sorts of Apostates. Some stand for a while on good Instruction, but profit not by it through an insensible Depravity of Heart. These soon grow tired, and revolt to their evil Courses. Others make promising Beginnings, but persevere not for Want of Courage and steady Resolution. These latter are marked in the Parable of the Sower: *' But he that received the Seed into stony Places, the same is he that heareth the Word, and anon with Joy receiveth it: yet hath he not Root in himself, but dureth for a while: for when Tribulation or Persecution ariseth because of the Word, by and by he is offended.*

¶ *Matt. xiii. 20, 21.*

¶ *y. 524.—To sink into a Brute.]* Hierocles urgeth a noble Argument to prove the Superiority of virtuous Pleasures to those of Vice. A virtuous Life, says he, is a Conformity to God, and is therefore truly Divine. But a vicious Course is brutal, and alien from the Divine Nature. From hence it is manifest, that a good Man's Pleasure resembleth the Blessedness of God himself. For it followeth God and Reason. But the wicked Man's Pleasure (for we will give the same Name to their respective Enjoyments) is the Gratification of sensual Appetites, and imitates the Happiness of Brutes.

¶ *In Carm. Pyth. y. 30, 31.*

¶ *y. 526.—New Adventurers to bring.]* This Motive to Virtue, from the happy Condition of those who have surmounted the Difficulties of it, is similar to that of the Apostle. *' Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a Cloud of Witnesses, let us lay aside every Weight, and the Sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with Patience the Race that is set before us.*

¶ *Heb. xiii. 1.*

¶ *y. 532. At Wisdom's Gate all Opinions must resign Their Charge.]* The Allegory concludes as it began. The Opinions were among the first Personages, and are the last presented to our View. But the Design of this Paragraph is not merely to confirm what was said before, that our Course of Life, together with our Misery and Happiness, depends upon our Notions of Things. The principal Intent is to establish the Distinction betwixt Opinion and Knowledge. For Knowledge, in the Philosophy of Socrates, is the same with Wisdom and Virtue, because, in his Way of Think-

¶ *y. 83. to y. 100.*

¶ *Xen. Mem. lib. iv. c. 7. §. 1—14.*

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ing, Knowledge is that sound Judgment which is the effectual Principle of right Choice and Conduct. Opinion gives way to Knowledge, when just Sentiment is by Moral Instruction improved into ¹ clear and solid Perswasion, powerful enough to determine us in a Course of wise and good Actions.

¹ §. 559.

§. 540. ————— *He bids them bold*

A Spirit with erected Courage bold.] The first Point in Morality is a due Sense of the Dignity of our Nature, (that is, of the Worth of our Souls) and a firm Resolution to surmount all Difficulties in the way of attaining its proper Perfection and Happiness. The next is to avoid the Impediments to that Pursuit, which are worldly Lusts and vain Curiosity. The last is to apply our whole Force to the necessary Means of reaching our End, which are the Instructions and Precepts of Virtue. Thus Reason dictates, and this is the Substance of the Counsel that the *Genius of Mankind* giveth to all who enter Life. §. 540. to §. 569.

§. 577. *Of solid Use, &c.*] This was the Rule laid down by *Socrates* for determining how far we should pursue *natural Knowledge*. He was for banishing all Subleties and curious Speculations, and would confine our Views to what is really useful. He was himself very knowing in Geometry, Arithmetic, Astronomy, and the natural Philosophy of that Age. As therefore he was a good Judge of what was truly valuable in those Sciences, so he well understood their Vanity. This gave Authority to his Advice when he recommended those Studies to Youth, with a Caution not to spend too much time in them, but to make the Study of themselves, and becoming good and useful Men, their main Point. =

= Xen. Mem. lib. iv. c. 7.

§. 586. *An Author's Meaning, &c.*] All that is useful in a Foreign Writer, may be understood in a good Translation of him. If indeed we learn his Language, we may enter better into his Sense, and discover some Beauties which a Translation could not reach. But these are Matters of mere Curiosity, which will not pay us for the Time and Pains they cost us. So, the useful Things in the Sciences may be soon and easily learned. But an accurate Acquaintance with them will require vast Application. And what is it that we gain thereby? We only fill our Heads with Speculations, which will not make us one whit
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the wiser and better Men. And after all, we may, if we have a mind to it, become wise and good without being Scholars. This seems to the Meaning of the Passage before us, which is somewhat obscure, and the only one in our Author which deserves that Censure.

¶ 613. to ¶ 625.] The Sentiments here seem very near a-kin to those which our *Saviour* utters with his usual Energy and comprehensive Style: • *I thank thee, O Father, Lord of Heaven and Earth, because thou hast hid these things from the Wise and Prudent, and hast revealed them unto Babes.*

• Mat. xi. 25.

¶ *Ult.*] Here the Explication of the Parable closeth, and with the same Solemnity as it opened. What follows is a Disputation, in the *Socratic* Method, concerning the Claim of Wealth and other external Advantages to the Title of good Things. In the Reference to this Part the Interpreter had said, • “ We “ will speak to that Point afterwards, at present let us pursue the Allegory.” This Disputation, then, does not properly belong to the Allegory, by our Author’s own Determination: which alone is a sufficient Reason for leaving it out in the Translation. But there is likewise another Reason: it is too dry and jejune for Poetry, and, to speak freely, is, in my Opinion, much below the other Parts of this beautiful Composition.

• P. 21. lin. 17. Ed. Johnson.

On a Review of this excellent Remain of Antiquity, it is but Justice to say that our Author’s Merit is very considerable. The elegant Plainness of his Style, and the Invention, beautiful Imagery, and happy Disposition of his Fable, will give him a Place among the most illustrious Classics. His Work is a little System of Ethics, written, not in the way of cold Speculation, nor encumbered with needless Definitions and metaphysical Subtleties, but in the Spirit of an honest Man who writes from the Heart.

His own Example strengthens all his Laws,
And is himself that Virtue which he draws.

He foundeth his Doctrine upon Experience. There are but three Ways of Life, the Sensual, the Studious, and the Virtuous. He deduces from Experience the fatal Effects of Vice, and the comfortable Fruits of Virtue. By those natural, certain, and most affecting Consequences, to our Fortunes, our Health, our Reputation, and our Souls, he establishes the essential Difference of Moral Good and Evil. By those Principles he demonstrates the infinite Preference

